AN OPEN LETTER

To the President of the United States.

THE CASE OF DOCTOR COCK

And That of Another Ex-Soldier, Both From

Doctor G. B. Cock is from President McKinley's own town of Canton. He went out in the beginning of the late unpleasantness as a private soldier and came home commander of the regiment with the rank of major. While in the service he contracted a disease of the spine, which incapacitates him from practising his profession as a physician. He receives \$24 per month pension for a disease which calls for full disability pension. The trouble, however, is that the medical referee of the Pension Bureau has not made a study of, or is ignorant of pathology. Other physicians, who are experts in this branch of the science of medicine, and who have examined Doctor Cock, certify that he has a total disability case. Notwithstanding this, however, the Doctor is able to sit at desk and do clerical work, or fill a chair as wacthman. His health is perfect, and in every way but the physical exertion of walking or moving around briskly he is qualified to fill either a clerifical or a watchman's position. He is a Republican, and from Mr. McKinley's own Congressional district. He is a life-long acquaintance of the President. He has spent money, made speeches (and he is noted as a G. O. P. orator) in every school district in the "Major's" district, helping to elect him to Congress time and again. The Doctor has met some reverses of fortune due to his affliction, and has endeavo ed to make both ends meet with his pension and what employment he could obtain. He is, it is unnecessar; to state, a highly educated gentleman, as has been tested by the Civil Service Commissioners, who passed him four different times, the last examination, May 7th, a few months ago, the Doctor passed at the head of the list of appli-cants. He was the only ex-soldier candidate, and the position was given to the third man on the list.

Appeals to the President, to Secretary Cortelyou, and to the Civil Service Commission, have resulted in nothing. The Doctor is still hobbling around the streets of Washington. He is a man of fine physique, of courteous bearing, and impressive appearance, in fact a splendid type of the American professional gentleman. Except for the disease noted, the Doctor, in any city, could command a handsome income by the practice of medicine.

Mr. McKinley knows better than any reader of The Globe that these state-ments are the truth. Mr. McKinley also knows that he has heartlessly turned down this lifelong friend and gallant soldier, and that outside the usual oily smile and brother Methodist handshake and brotherly (?) greeting he has done nothing for this man who spent his money and his time to elect him to Congress from the Canton dis-

As stated, Dr. Cock is a Republican, an ex-soldier, with a four-year record of promotion from the ranks to command of the regiment. He is qualified by education and breeding to fill any he has been refused even a job as watchman! Four times he has taken a small stream and to the barn of the civil service examination for clerical positions, been certified up and seen others lower down the lists of applicants given the positions. He has appealed, without results so far, to this violation of the law giving ex-soldiers the preference, and from Mc-Kinley to Foraker, and from Foraker Kinley to Foraker, and from Foraker to heads and tails of Department offismelt these, the chase was renewed, cials he can get neither satisfaction nor explanation.

Cock is becoming dimly conscious of the hypocrisy of the Admin istration and the Republican leaders in office, including "got-too-rich" For aker, and he is contemplating taking the stump this fall in Ohio and ex plaining to the soldier vote of that State how McKinley, the haughty For aker (who told him that he know him well enough") and the balance of the old soldier takes care of the ex-Union soldiers, especially the Moseby type.

Passing Dr. Cock for the present as a striking example of the deceit and recognized Private Dalzell after The Globe had stirred the animals up in Ohio, we present, Mr. President, the following open letter to your excel-lency, written by another distinguished ex-soldier with whom you are as well acquainted as you are with Dr. Cock, and who also lives in your town Your excellency will recall an agree

ment you made with him last year. He fulfilled his part but, as usual, your excellency has forgotten to fulfill

Here is his letter: OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESI- EDITOR SUNDAY GLOBE:

DENT. "MY DEAR SIR: This P. M. some re flections were aroused in my mind by seeing a gentleman, a patriotic sol-dier, coming out of the Census Office walking on a crutch. He is a disabled veteran of the Civil War, who is entitled to honor and high regard. He is receiving a salary for his services as a clerk of \$2,500 per annum. Besides Institute and National Museum all this he receives a pension of \$100 per have building mechanics at work at that he lost a leg in the war, and re- per day less than the regular rate cently had his right arm broken by an accident, he is not disabled so seriously or to an equal degree with my-My disabilities are total in degree, and all were incurred in my army life. But mine are disabilties of brain and spinal cord and can not be seen. I am turned down on a mere pittance of \$24 per month, and can get no opportunity to earn a salary, but am turned out to starve because the Government Departments? The necespetty tyranny of a boss who was prejudiced against me without cause.

you personally in order to explain in a friendly way, but am not granted the | shall be done by paying mechanics low privilege of a personal interview. There are many places which I could fill very acceptably if permitted to do annum. so. I might have been transferred to other work, as others were, but, no, the boss would not have it so, and I was peremptorily dismissed without reason. Now, I ask you in all conscience, and in all reason, is this right? If the Census wounded soldier is entitled to the opportunity of earning a fine salary, so am I. My services as a soldier, and my career in the

army, were just as honoral e as his. I doubt not that I endured more of hardship and danger than he did, or than you did, Mr. President.

"My character for honor and up rightness as a man and a citizen has een and is to-day just as high as his or yours. Now, as a citizen, and an honorable soldier, I have a right to restoration on the roll of employe a transfer to some possition which

'I have a further right to a rehear ing of my claim for increase of pen sion, which is denied me, as it seem the President's Own District, with Whom He to me, simply and solely because I have Has Broken Faith-Dr. Cook Passes the no political pull. I am as intelligent Divil Service Examination Four Different stoner of Pensions, and in some things more so. In some things I am your equal; in intelligence and in a few things more than your equal. But o this I do not boast. I kept and ful filled my agreement with you but you

"I feel that I have a right to de-mand equal rights and fair play. "Very respectfully,
"PAUL DESTINE.

"Washington, August 17, 1901." Mr. Paul Destine, like Dr. Cock, is a Republican ex-soldier with a splendid record. He also, is an educated gen-deman, who was filling a clerical position when he incurred the enmity of ne of those small creatures the Departments are honeycombed with. The ex-soldier and officer who commanded a regiment would not bow the preg-nant hinges of the knee to the effeminate chief, and he was discharged for being—a MAN! Mr. McKinley knows all about it. He also knows by this time that The Globe knows all about it, and we assure his excellency that the Ohio soldiers will know all abou t when the campaign opens in tha State. The mask of hypocrisy will be torn into shreds by the pen now warning you, Mr. President, to do justic to the semi-starving ex-soldiers tramping the streets of Washington, who can neither find employment in the De partments nor have their just claims allowed because of your instructions to your tool, H. Clay Evans, Commis sioner of Pensions.

Carolina Brights are Union made.

VALUABLE DOGS.

Dr. Fulton's Blood Hounds and What He Said About Them to The Globe.

Doctor Fulton, of Beatrice, Neb., now n the city, is the owner of what is probably the most valuable pack of loodhounds in the world. There are 20 in all, and they are of the bluest of canine blood. They are trained nunters, not only of birds or deer, but of human game, their specialty being thieves, murderers, and other crim-mals. Included in the pack of fourfooted sleuths are dogs which have won world-wide reputation and have ssisted in tracing fugitive malefac tors of two continents. The pack is in charge of Mr. O. P. Fulton, son of the Doctor, and Trainers Sheriff Johnson and George Maxfield.

'No two bloodhounds have the same traits or respond to the same treat-ment," said Doctor Fulton to The Globe. "They are nervous, capricious and variable to a high degree. Unless ou understand your dog in advance you may be doing something that it will take you a long time to overcome and undo. All bloodhounds are endowd with a wonderfully retentive mem ory, and under proper treatment are docile and entirely amenable. My dogs have captured many criminals, and the course of the chases we have had

many exciting experiences. "Recently a mule was stolen from the stable of a farmer at Louisville The dogs were sent for and put on the scent. They followed the trail acros somewhat notorious character of the place. The dogs were led in all direct led to the suspicion that the mule's the mule was discovered, and the thier arrested.

"The dogs were used in the capture of a notorious gang of hold-ups, known as the Fedawas, at Lincoln. These men had broken into a store, robbe the safe, and carried away a lot o other valuables. The bloodhounds were taken into the store, given the scent from articles which the burglars had handled, and then taken outside In a short time they picked up the trail, which ran in a roundabout way to the Fedawas' house. The officer gained admittance, and the dogs fol lowed the trail up two flights of stairs hypocrisy of an Administration which into a vacant room, which evidently had been occupied recently, and then back into the street. They followed the trail to a saloon, whose keeper in formed the officers that the Fedawas had been there but a short time before The dogs then ran the trail from the saloon to Northeast Lincoln, and found board an out-going freight train."

Say, you, smoke Carolina Brights

Low Wages Paid Certain Employes. Washington, D. C., Aug. 1, 1901.

In your issue of this date, in the column entitled "Globules," is the single line "High Wages Are a Stimulant to Labor." If such is the case what are low wages? And very low wages at that, to be paid by this great and gloof our great Departments, Zoological Park, Smithsonian Institute and National Museum all Notwithstanding the facts the present day for from \$1 to \$1.50 paid by outside contractors and the other Departments. One especial cas is that of a man working at the Na tional Museum for \$2 per day, who for similar work outside, would earn \$3.50 per day. There is over a score of other mechanics of all kinds work ing at these places under the same con litions. Why can't these places pay their mechanics the same as all other sary funds are appropriated annually by Congress to do the building and re I have made repeated efforts to see pairs required, and it is not thought that Congress intends that this work wages and increasing that of in some instances as much as \$500 pe

> Now, Mr. Editor, is this a stimulant to labor, or official favoritism-which While on this subject, there are sev eral known cases where two or mor members of the same family are hold ing down soft seats in the Government service, one being that of a lady clerk one of these branches, while the husband is in the Census Office.

FIGHTING RECORDS

Of the Rival Candidates for Governor of Ohio.

KILBOURN AND NASH SOLDIERS

Official Records of the Two-The Hero of Sixteen Battles and Three Brevets as Against a Ninety-Day Soldier and a big bounty-Whom Will the Soldier Vote of Ohio Select-the Soldier or the Coffee Cooler P

Curious to ascertain the war records f Governor Geo. K. Nash, the Republican candidate for re-election in Ohio, and that of his Democratic rival, Col. James Kilbourne, we copied from the official records the past week the sub-

oined histories. Of course, our Washington readers will accept this as a piece of news merely, but our Ohio patrons will atach a deeper significance to the mat The Republican party has kept tself in power by the two great shib-

"Love for the Union Soldier." "Enfranchisement of the Negro."

How much the Union soldier is loved by the present Republican Administration the columns of The Globe, with names, dates, persons, etc., have truthfully shown up. But we, nevertheless accept as a standard truth that the great mass of Republican voters prefer Union soldier with a record when there are honors to be conferred. An choring our faith in this belief, we first reproduce the soldier record of Col. James Kilbourne, the Democratic andidate for governor of Ohio. Here t is from the official records on file n the War Department:

"Col. James Kilbourne; enrolled July 19, 1862; was appointed 2d Lieu-tenant July 22, 1862; was appointed 1st Lieutenant Dec. 5, 1862; was appointed Captain Dec. 31, 1862; was mustered out with Company H, 95th O. V. I., August 14, 1865; appointed Brey. Major U. S. Vol. to date July 28. 1865; appointed Brev. Lt. Col. March 31, 1866, to date July 28, 1865; appointed Brev. Colonel April 5, 1866, to date July 28, 1865, for faithful and meriorious service during the war,

'Engagements the Enemy—Richmond, Ky., Aug. 30, 62; Jackson, Miss., May 14, 1863; Vicksburg, Miss., siege, May to July 4, '63; Vicksburg, Miss., assault, May 19 and 20, 1863; Page Rick, Miss., Miss., assault, May 19 and 20, 1863; Miss. Big Black River, Miss., July 6, 1863; Brandon, Miss., July 19, 1863; Hicka hala Creek, Miss., Feb. 10, 1864; Gun-town, Miss., June 10, 1864; Harrisburg. Miss., July 13, 1864; Tupelo Miss., July 14, 1864; Old Town Creek, Miss., July 15, 1864; Little Harpeth, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1864; Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 15 and 16, 1864; Pursuit of Hood, Dec. 17, 1864, to Jan. 1, 1865; Spanish Fort, Ala., March 26, 1865, to April 9, 1865." For meritorious and gallant services

n front of the enemy, Col. James Kil-bourne received three brevets. He participated in 16 battles, sieges and assaults, and as became a man, a sol-dier, and a gentleman, saw the thing hrough and fought to a finish, being nustered out, it will be observed. At nemorable surrender at Appoinatox where the chivalrous Lee surrendered nis untarnished sword to the victo rious Grant. Having-

Fought for the land his soul adored. For happy homes and altars free,"

the Confederate chieftain, bowing to he unequal struggle and the vexes question which separated the sections as forever settled by the highest triounal of man-the arbitrament of the

Where was the Republican candidate for Ohio during all these four years of bloody war? Was he at Vicksburg when Kilbourne led his ompany in the assault? Did he partiipate in the one or the other of the attles of Nashville-or did he, single anded and alone, pursue the fleeing

Not much, the slow fire of patriotsm did not burn in the breast of the Republican candidate for governor of phio until all the great battles of the var had been fought out by men he Kilbourne stamp. In the last cal or "90-day" soldlers, the Republica andidate for governor of Ohio too the biggest bounty he could get, and enlisting with a knowledge that the a" was over, and with the hope that he would never see a live "rebel" or hear their dreadful battle "yell," he shouldered his musket and went into camp guarding disarmed "Johnnies.

Such is the record of the "loyal Inion soldier" whom Mark Hanna, oraker and Grosvenor will ask the cople of Ohio to honor in preference o a man whose soldier record is su erior to all four combined. Nor ha he Democratic candidate begged, play d for, nor engineered the procurement of letters from commanding generals uring any deficiency in his record or sting him as a valiant soldier a la

Colonel Kilbourne is as modest as he is brave, and, like a true soldier and Democrat, lets the official record peak for itself.

How many brave and heroic soldiers ave we not seen manufactured since the war by letters of generals, when the said soldiers were candidates or the Republican ticket for office? Look at the absurd and riduclous figure these letters and manufactured stuff made our President cut before the real oldiers who know what fighting is They made Commissary McKinley feed the men in line of battle and issue ra There never was and neve will be such a situation in war! commissary wagon in modern war fare has ever been within three mile of the fighting line except by an acci dent, and then certainly not for the distribution of rations. Hence Com-missary McKinley, three to ten miles in rear of the fighting line, issued no rations unless, indeed, he put a few hardtack in his pocket, and, leaving his wagons and neglecting his duty, tramped the intervening distance to leed a single soldier!

So it is with the other manufactured ecords of certain heroic Republican chiefs, whom we have seen strut their rief hour as candidates for governo of Ohio and disgusted the real soldiers with "after the war" letters from re owned generals who knew them not on the field of battle, but learned to dread their political pulls in civil life

and hence these letters. But here is our Ohio Democratic tandard-bearer out in the open, appealing to neither general nor polit cian to amend or add fictious trim mings to his war record. What say the old soldiers of Ohio to the question? Will you vote for the hero of breathe.

three brevets and 16 battles, or for the home guard bounty-taker of 90 days' service, guarding disarmed "rebels?" And how about the loyal Republican nasses? They love the valiant Union soldier, and their patriotism is cornerstoned in rewarding all such. Here is an opportunity to cross the line. But whatever the stay-at-home, loyal and patriotic Republican voter may do i he inconsistencies of political prin iples. The Globe looks with confidence o the old soldier voter of Ohlo to vot for the man who bore the heat and ourden of the battle that his countr might live and be the mightiest nation of the earth.

THE BREAD TRUST.

What Next Will Combined Capital Seek to Corner?

SCHEME OF CORNERING BREAD

New and Marvelous Machine Which Does Away with Hand Kneading and Increases the Weight Eighty-Five Pounds in Two Hundred with Water-Better Bread Claimed. What the Washington Bakeries Say.

What promises to be a bread trust f large proportions has had its begining by the incorporation in Trenton. V. J., of the National Bread Company The capital stock of the corporation, fixed at \$3,000,000, it is stated, has been fully paid in. The immediate ambition of the company, if reports from a source seemingly authentic are accurate, is to control the bread out-put of New York City, Jersey City and Newark. Eventually the corporation expects, through a beginning in Chicago and St. Louis, to acquire a simhar control over the bread industry in all of the more important cities of the United States, including Washington, of course. If this be true, the company is aiming at control in its line similar to that of the other great corporations regulating other products Several of the larger bakeries of New York already have been absorbed on a division of stock basis by the new company, and it is said that in the resulting fight for control the other bakeries will be forced into the new concern or suffer from the usual methds of competition

The certificate of incorporation for the company shows that ex-Judge Augustus Van Wyck acted as attorney for the new company. The incorporators, who, it is believed, are acting in that capacity for prominent financial interests, are: Joseph H. Strange, of Orange, N. J.; Paul F. Lorder and John Joseph Roach, of Jersey City.

Those supposedly having direct con-nection with the company were disincaned to give much information about its objects. A person known to be in-terested in and connected with the cheme, when seen, refused to divulge who was back of the company or to name any of its probable directors. He admitted, however, that the following facts, divulged by another who is quainted with the deal, are substanially correct.

The National Bread Company, according to this informant, was organ-zed for a double purpose, first, to consolidate all the large baking firms under a parent company, which should divide territory among its members and so do away with inter-company competition in all districts, and, sec ondly, to exploit a patent bread-making machine which, it is stated, kneads bread without any handling and at the same time increases the baked loaf O per cent in weight over the present with a given quantity of flour.

The scheme of consolidation will be for the various baking companies to give the National Company a portion of their stock, said to be large, in return for which they will gain the use of the patented machine, which, it is asserted, does away with about 50 per ent of the labor, and will also be given an exclusive territory for the sale of their variety of bread by which they will save the cost of competition in other districts, both in handling and delivering their product and in the waste in the various shops. The mem-ber companies will run under this plan as subsidiary companies to the parent concern, which will get the profits of ever, may be but a step to a system of absolute control of the baking companies by the general corporation, which, with a start of a heavy percent ige ownership, would be in an excellent position to acquire a majority holding. A question as to where the bakeries would come in led to the ex-planation that if the baker could take 95 pounds of flour and with the mahine make 350 to 360 pounds of bread, nstead of only 275 pounds, his present product, and could save half in men and much in cost of delivery, his balance of stock would net him more than the whole thing does now. The idea of pounding in 80 or 85

extra pounds of bread into 195 pounds of flour lead to the next question. Just how it was done the man with the supposedly inside information didn' mow exactly. He thouhgt that the new way of making bread by pound ng it instead of kneading the dough y hand made the gluten absorb more water, and that made the bread heav er. But he insisted it was better bread, had been tested by eminen chemists and the like, who had de lared it superior to the old kinds At any rate, he said, it was better than hand-made bread, and he thought perhaps the days of hand-kneading were over except for the small bakeries. The price of bread would not be af fected, he believed, the company would e satisfied with that extra 80 pounds of weight by way of profit. Water apparently was cheap, from the company's point of view. Oh, but he unlerstood it would be more nutritious bread because of it. It was suggested that getting bread from fresh water was better than getting gold from sea Well, he didn't know; that was what he had heard, and he had een told that bread actually had been made that way and was as represented. It was called the Lee process, as far

he could remember. Were the small bakeries to be frozen ut by the usual trust methods? lidn't believe so. He thought this was for the big companies who employ hundreds of men, but it might affect some 50,000 men by reducing the numer of laborers required.

The washington bakeries have not, so far, been approached by any agent of the proposed trust, that is, they say so, and The Globe is bound to believe heir statements in the absence of any proof to the contrary. What trust will e next formed it is hard to state, but we should not be astonished to hear of an attempt to corrall the air we

And a Daughter of the Revolution Have a Seance

WHICH A POST REPORTER

Will Write Up for the Globe When He Has Timo-The Funny Experience of a Well-Known Newspaper Man Who Rented a Furnished House for the Summer, and Who Was Locked Out of His Dining-Room by the Land Lady.

"I'll give you a good story," said a well-known newspaper man, until recently on the reportorial staff of the Post and at present the correspondent of a leading Philadelphia newspaper. "Thanks; shoot when you're ready.

"Oh, I will write it up myself for you, as I am acquainted with the literature of the case. In fact, to be honest with you, it concerns myself, wife and landlord, or rather landlady. It is rich, or rather unique, and I think will make a good story for The Globe."

When will you furnish it?' "By Thursday, sure. You see, it is this way. I answered an advertise-ment and had an interview with the lady, Mrs. Harper. She had a furnished house, and wanted to rent it furnished for the summer as she was going away. The lady and I agreed upon terms, and my wife and self moved in. Of course, I knew nothing of the ecneither sons nor Daughters of the Revinto her residence. "What happened?"

"Plenty happened. You must know that my wife, like myself, is Irish. She is a typical Irish girl from the kingdom of Kerry, gentle as a fawn (with eyes as blue and clear as the Lakes of Kiliarney. My wife is new to some extent to American social life, but being an educated Irish girl, she is rapidly adapting herself to her new surroundings and becoming assimilated, so to speak. Well, we had settled down some time in Mrs. Harper's residence, and were felicitating ourselves on the bargain we had made for the summer, when an incident occurred which has almost unnerved my wife and leaves me mad as a hornet yet. It occurred in

Mrs. Harper, during my temporary absence, suddenly appeared at the residence and swooped down on my timid httle Irish girl like a Dakota blizzard. She raced through the house, locking doors and shouting Revolutionary war cries which were, of course, incomprehensible to my Kerry pearl. I arrived n the scene in time to see Mrs. Harper ock the dining-room door, utter her triumphant war cry and order, with the majesty of the queen of Zanzibar, myself and wife from her premises."

"What did you do?"
"For a time I did nothing but gaze elplessly from the one to the other. dreadful form. finally rallied my scattered faculties, as my scared colleen nestled close to me for protection from the haughty Daughter of the Revolution, who stood

softest brogue, "what is all this?" "Get out of my house. I do not want

talks to the p-e-r-s-o-n.

words per minute and the Daughter of the Revolution 142 I ascertained the "They were cross exchanging the salutations of the day. Sitting on her front steps, she exchangut permission from a Daughter of the visit there alone. nevolution. I mixed sarcasm, blarney, ninute, when I promptly unlimbered ion by assuring her that until further orders from herself or the nearest odge of the Daughters of the Revoluion my wife should speak to nobody | Andale. ut myself."
"Well, what next?"

"When she capitulated, you mean?" "I demanded the key of the main fortress-the dining-room as my supper was on the table and I was hungry as Texas rabbit. She pointed majesically to the door, where I perceived a In her fury she had actually broken the key in the lock, and this effectually eparated me from my supper. After skirmishing around to try and effect key elsewhere; and, when my landlady had left us in quiet possession and I found myself in the dining-room, my McGillicuddy mountain flower wilted and fainted in my arms. I had copy to prepare, I was hungry, disgusted opened and we both realized and took in the situation, like a true Irish couple we only saw the ridiculous side of the annoyance, and we laughed ourselves

"That certainly will make a beautwhen did you say you'd write it up? "I'll bring it down to your office not later than Tuesday. I think a touch ing up will do no harm and may have the effect of inducing a train of thought in this Daughter of the Revo ntion which will ultimately crystalize into a conviction that 'there are others' having some limited rights which even these high and mighty dames are bound to respect.

Our friend left us in Loughren's cigar store and went off with the chief of his Bureau to write up the SampsonSchley imbroglio. This was a week ago last Tuesday and "we haven't seen him yet." There is no doubt but that nis story will be a good one when we get it, as he is one of the most brilliant writers in the press. Unlike this acount of the little talk The Globe had with him, and which is put away in ar bscure corner of the paper, the Kerry man's artistic article will decorate our first page, first column, and in all probability will be illustrated with cuts. WHEN HE SENDS IT IN.

TRAGIC DEATH SHEETERS Of the White Lover of An Indian Maiden.

Here is the story of a tragedy which The Globe has received from Okla-noma, where Van Der Vanter, Richards & Co. distinguished themselves in the recent land lottery. If some Indian maiden gets a strangle hold on Richards nobody at this end will shed many tears. Here is the story:

"Flirting with an Indian girl is a dangerous pastime, if one may judge from results in Oklahoma. Because he Darlington a cow-boy named Willis Andale has met a fate most terrible. Young Andale was tortured to death

by an Indian girl who fancied that she had been jilted by him. "I am going to marry a girl of my own race," he said to his companion one day when he was out on a horseback ride with her and the Indian girl had broached the subject of marriage with herself as the bride. Andale was jesting when he made the statement, but he sealed his fate with the carelessly uttered words. 'You will not marry me? tioned his companion, with a gleam in centricities of my landlady, but I her black eyes that might have warned found them out, as the sequel will show. Mrs. Harper is away up in society, from her point of view. She is signals of any kind. 'Why, of course a Daughter of the Revolution, and to not,' was the laughing rejoinder. 'The udge by her assumptions nobody has law doesn't allow a man to have two any right to live in this country with-out the permission of one of the lodges girl's eyes flashed like heat lightning, of this order. Those of us who are but Andale did not know that a storm neither sons nor Daughters of the ter-olution have any legal existence as Americans that Mrs. Harper is bound driven into his coffin. It was not true that he intended to marry a white girl. to respect. I was unaware of all this, of course, or I would never have moved He thought that to say so was the easiest way to rid himself of the In tian girl's attentions. He merely meant to show her the uselessness of hoping or expecting that he would ever beome her husband.

"Andale was a cowboy working on the 'Big X' ranch in the Kiowa and Comanche Indian reservation. He and the other cowboys were in the habit of going to the camps of Indian families and taking the girls of the tepees out riding on their ponies. Time out of working hours hangs heavily on the hands of men who have so little diver sion as these cowboys of the reserve tion; but, according to the testimony o Andale's friends, none of them had any intention of inspiring an infatuation in a tepee dweller's breast. They did not realize that one of their number was playing with fire, nor did he himelf realize it.

"Annie Killdeer is the name of the girl who fixed her savage affections

"One night a few days following the cow-puncher's confession, made so lightly and listened to so seriously, Annie Killdeer asked the young man to take her riding as usual. He a-quiesced without a presentment of evil, not for an instant suspecting that e had looked his last upon the faces f his cowboy friends and that the goal of the journey would be death in a

"They started about dusk, the girl gry I would rather purchase The Globe cated behind the horseman, as is the than a loaf of bread. Lou may think seated behind the horseman, as is the custom in Oklahoma. With all of an indian's cunning and the instinct of i fiend she persuaded him to take 'Monarch of all she surveyed," in much longer ride than ever before cluding my rose of Tralee. Everything favored her plan. The even "Madam," said I, in my richest and ing was cool and delightful. The moor rose, enveloping them in its soft, sil very light. The girl seemed never in you here any longer. I saw your wife such gay spirits. She used every ar alking to that person next door, and known in her untutored but intuitive will have nobody in my house who nature to keep Andale interested, for each mile put between them and the "After some palayer, I talking 20 reservation made the success of her

"They were crossing a creek when, cause of her indignation. It appears to the cowboy's amazement, his hands the lady next door was persona non were suddenly and neatly pinioned by grata with the Daughter of the Revolu-tion. My wife, being a neighborly and him. Andale struggled for freedom, sociable little creature, after the man-sociable little creature, after the man-sociable little creature, after the man-was securely bound by a rope which met the advances of her neighbor in the girl had concealed beneath her lothing. They rode on for several hundred yards, the man trying to fathom ed the courteous salutations of her the meaning of this strange conduct on the part of his captor, the girl ites' neighborly talk. The Daughter keeping mysterious silence. Reaching of the Revolution resented this inti-macy, having either seen, discovered, or suspected it. I soothed her ruffled to dismount. Then came a desperate spirit and pointed out that I had some struggle between the disabled cowboy rights in the house, having made a and the savage creature whose purpose oargain with her for the summer in luring him away that night was now That my wife was unaccus- only too plain to her victim. It was comed to the ways of the country, and not long before he was flung to the was excusably ignorant of the fact that ground and tied there, face upward, to t was a penitentiary offense to return stakes that had been driven into the he salutations of one's neighbors with- earth by his tormentor on a previous

you can laugh loud enough out hereny seige guns and forced her capitula- your white sweetheart will not hear you, your cowboy friends can not hear you. you. Laugh all you want. "What are you going to do?" asked

> I am going to kill you,' coolly replied the half-breed girl.
> "Again the black eyes flashed like heat lightning. And Andale saw those

langer signals at last alas, too late 'Andale was tied to the ground within sight and sound of the Washita River. Thirst threatened to consume nim; but not a drop of water would portion only of the key in the lock. his cruel captor allow him. Hunger possessed him, yet no morsel of food was given him. grass beside him and taunted him. was a strange, strange vigil, that tryst upon the territory's lonely prairie. dale cried aloud for food, for drink for mercy. All were denied him. The

girl meanwhile subsisted upon food that she had concealed in the vicinity and water from the creek whose rippling came to Andale's ears and maddened him to a frenzy. Annie spoke only to deride him. He cursed her and strove vainly to break his bonds. He grew weak and weaker. The hot summer sun beat upon his unprotected face. On the fourth day he sank into stupor and never regained conscious-

"Satisfied that Andale was dead, the girl returned to Darlington and boasted of her crime. She was at once ar ested by Deputy Marshal Speed and

put into jail there. 'As soon as the details of the affair became known, a crowd of Andale's cowboy friends came into Darlington and tried to break down the jail. force of marshals was called from El Reno, and Annie Killdeer was removed to the jail at that place, where she awaits trial in September.'

A FEW INTERVIEWS

In Which an Esteemed Lady Speaks Her Mind.

PREFERS THE GLOBE TO BREAD

Her Exportence in Trying to Get in the Departments-The Usual Sacrifice Demanded Where the Applicant Has No Political Pull-A Case of Nerve as Related by a Boston

"I was sitting on the veranda of a far Western hotel one afternoon," said the Boston drummer, at the National last night to a Globe man, "and was lazily smoking one of the nicest meerschaum pipes you ever saw, when out of the tail of my eye I saw that a nathoughtlessly amused himself with the tive down at the other end of the veranda had his gun sighted at me. They were a wild lot around there, and I were a wind lot around there, and I couldn't tell whether he meant to shoot me or the pipe. The chances were in favor of the pipe, however, and it seemed a good chance to test my nerve. I had made up my mind to let nim shoot and pretend a careless air, but I'm telling you that in the 10 cm. but I'm telling you that in the 10 or 15 seconds of waiting the sweat came out at every pore and my heart pounded my ribs sore. I felt a sort of tick at the bowl of the pipe, heard the crack of the gun, and knew that the bullet had passed through the pipe, got a brace with my hands and feet and waited for a second bullet, and it went through the bowl after the first. sat there until his fourth bullet had hit the pipe and knocked the bowl off the stem, and then the shooter sauntered up to me and laughingly said:

'Excuse me, stranger, but I thought it was an imitation.' 'Same as you are,' I replied. "My gibe hurt him, but he was man enough to tell everybody about my nerve, and the boys chipped in sufficient nuggets to buy me this \$50 smoker. Nerve! Say, do you know what happened to me when I made an excuse to go upstairs after my old corncob? I had no sooner got into my room than my knees gave out, chills galloped up my spine, and I'll be hang ed if I didn't faint away and lie there for 10 minutes. It had suddenly ocpipe was only six inches from my nose while the fellow was doing his shooting, and I have not yet got over touch-

A sweet-faced and comely-looking ady, with grey hair, entered The Hobe office Thursday, and having taken a seat, asked: "Is The Globe any cheaper by sub-

ing my nasal organ now and then to

see if it is safe.

cribing for it by the month? Do you live in the city?" "Yes, sir."
"Well, madam, we do not deliver

The Globe to city subscribers, wholesale newsdealers sell it to the newsboys and we supply the newsdealers only. But if you are going out of the city we will mail it to yo

"Thank you; I shall go in a few days for a brief visit, and I want The Globa sent to me. I would not miss a copy of it for anything."

Thanking the lady in return, she re-"If I had but a nickel and was hun-

this an exaggerated statement. easure makes my miserable life bear ble, for I know that some of the hings it exposes are true as gospel. To what particular subjects do you

"Well, I will tell you my story. I came here six years ago, and this hair, which you now see so grey, was black as a raven's wing. I did not have a grey hair in my head. I am a soldier's widow, and I have a son who is working day and night to support us. When I tried to get a position in the Departments I was, as stated, without a grey hair and passably comely. The chief to whom I applied named the condi-tion, which I indignantly spurned. indignantly spurned. Since then I have repeatedly tried for some place, but now my hair is grey they no longer name that infamous condition, and I can not get even temporary employment. Recently a lady friend told me that a certain Department was putting on temporary help. I secured a letter from the head of the G. A. R. and took it to the chief. He had scarcely glanced at the signature when he loudly exclaimed:

'No, I have no work for you,' "I protested that I had heard he was putting on people. He evaded this by repeating 'I have no work for you.'

"The very next day he put on eight or nine ladies. Yes, they were young and had no grey hairs. Do you wonder, then, why I would rather go hun-gry than be without The Globe? They nevolution. I mixed sarcasm, blarney, and legal rights in alternate doses, and I finally reduced her to 50 words per going to marry me, you laughed. Well bitter experience, in one particular, at bitter experience, in one particular, at least, and if you were libelling them they would soon arrest and punish

Here the lady wiped the tears from her eyes, and, rising to go, she gently requested to shake hands with the edtor as an assurance of her profound sympathy with his work and of grateful recognition for the good he was-doing. The gentle, lady-like deportment and sweet, resigned expression of this unfortunate mother and widow struggling for a bare existence, touch ed a visitor in the office so deeply that he, too, wiped a furtive tear from his eye and remarked, after her depart-

"If the country at large could believe for an instant that Govenrment positions were thus made matters of prostitution there would be a march on Washington, or a revolution in 24 hours. But it is all too horrible and shocking for outside belief. The Washingtonian alone knows it to be true, and is so used to it that It is "Is there a remedy?"

"No; you may check but you can not cradicate the immorality of the De-

partments. Washington is the only city in the world where women work on salary who feel no degradation in illicit intercourse. In other cities when woman forgets her honor site drifts to the bottom—the street and the bagnio. In Washington she simply extra slug of whisky and figures on promotion. The Washington Depart-ment female clerk who is crooked— and, mind you, I believe but a small minority are immoral-will work right along. In no other city or conlition will a woman work who sells her favors," and the visitor departed, leaving a thought behind him which had not before occurred to The Globe,